

The Bible in One Hundred Languages.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin*, in the course of a series of sketches of the Centennial, has the following interesting one of the Bible pavilion:

A little to the southward of Motticultural Hall, upon a shady walk leading from thence to the Dairy, is a pretty pavilion, to which attention is attracted by a large sign upon its front, reading, "Bibles in One Hundred Languages." It is the pavilion of the American Bible Society, and we are told it has been erected "by special contributions by a few friends of the Bible," who have desired that a place should be set apart in the Exhibition celebrating the Centennial anniversary of the nation's birth for the special display of the Book, the pure teachings of which are the foundations of all free and enlightened Government.

The oddity of the sign attracts to the pavilion a good many people who are by no means in the habit of reading the Bible in any language at all, and by whom its reproduction in 100 languages is regarded only as an interesting literary curiosity; as a curiosity, too, which needs to be examined before it is accepted as an absolute fact. The number seems excessive and to require the substantiation of ocular proof. But as with the Bible itself, the fulfillment is greater than the promise, for the 100 languages include many dialects, and the actual number of different versions of the holy work is no less than 164. A mere list of names is not very enlightening reading, yet a list so fraught with religious meaning—not to mention its philological value—as is that into which the Bible has been translated, can scarcely prove uninteresting, and may therefore be given as follows: English, Hebrew, Greek (ancient and modern), Latin, French, Spanish, Catalan, Portuguese, Indo-Portuguese, Italian, Vaudois, Piedmontese, Romanese (Oberland and Engadine), Rumanian, Welsh, Gaelic, Irish, Manx, Breton, German, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, Flemish, Negro-English (Surinam), Creolese (West Indies), Albanian, Basque, Russian, Slavonic, Bohemian, Bulgarian, Wendish (upper and lower), Slavonian, Servian, Croatian, Samogitian, Lithuanian, Lettish (Livonia), Polish, Finnish, Norway-Lapponese, Lap, Estonian (Russia), Dorpat (and Reval), Hungarian, Turkish, Greco-Turkish, Tartar-Turkish, Tschuwasian (Russia), Georgian, Syriac (ancient and modern), Arabic, Maltese, Ethiopic, Tigre (Abyssinia), Amharic (Abyssinia), Armenian (ancient and modern), Persian, Loardish, Sanscrit, Pali (Ceylon), Hindi, Bengali (in native and Roman characters), Gujarati (West Indies), Pasi-Guragati, Marathi, Sudhi (India), Punjabi, Fami, Felugu, Canarese, Malayali, Hindustani (in native and Roman characters), Orissa (India), Japanese (in native and Roman characters), Chinese (according to the Bridgman and Culbertson version; in Mandarin and in the colloquial dialects of Fuhchan, Ningpo, Amhoj and Shanghai—the first three in native, the last three in Roman characters), Siamese, Burman, Khass (India), Tibetan, Karen (Burmah), Malay, Soerabayan (or Low Malay, Batavia), Dajak (Borneo), Japanese, Niasian, Malagasy (Madagascar), Nannin-yi (Australia), Maori (New Zealand), Nengone (Loyalty Isles), Lifu, Iaran, Anertum (New Hebrides), Eromanga, Fata, Fijian, Rotuman, Tooragan, Nieu (Savage Island), Samoan, Barotongan, Tabitian, Ebon, Kusaien, Gilbert Islands, Ponape, Swabelli, Secunda, Sesute, Zulu, Otyeherey, Kafir, Damara, Namacua, Dualla, Ibo, Haussa, Yorububa, Accra, Tsachi, Mende, Maadur-o, Terune, Benga, Grebo, Mponwe, Greenland, Esquimaux, Cree (in native and Roman characters), Tinné, Malisett, Mohawk, Choctaw, Seneca, Dakota, Ojibway, Muskokee, Cherokee (in native characters), Delaware, Nez Perces, Mayau, Aymara and Arrawack.

The amount of labor expended upon these translations can scarcely be realized even by those who have been engaged in similar work, especially as such work has been of a religious or technical character, requiring the utmost care to preserve sense and fact intact in the transportation from one set of words into another of different powers and different construction. In the majority of these translations it has been primarily necessary to reduce the foreign language to written signs, an undertaking requiring years of patient laborious research which must be counted in as a part of the work as a whole. But an even greater difficulty has been found in making the language of heathen nations and tribes express Christian ideas. The theory of the Christian religion is so pure, its commandments—while so simple—are so exalted that the vocabularies, ample for the promotion of Pagan creeds, have proved inadequate to express the purely perfect doctrine of Christ. The tongues framed only to describe the gross, material wants of the body, have required infinite manipulation—sometimes entire remodeling—to adapt them to the language of the soul, and it has been upon this division of their noble task that the greater portion of labor of translation has been expended. The danger of mistakes in meaning—mistakes which have proved stumbling blocks in the way of those who might otherwise believe—renders caution of no ordinary kind necessary in the work, and every translation that has been put forth has not been the result of weeks

Drinking Beer in Germany.

A handsomely dressed, dignified-looking lady arose from the corner, where she had been knitting, and approached me with, "Was wuenschen sie, gnader Herr?" The "worshtful sir" informed her deferentially that he wanted Berlin beer. She disappeared to the cavernous depths below, and presently returned bearing the beer in the most remarkable glass I ever saw the beverage served in. It was like a great smooth berry dish without handles, of about the size and shape of a "plug hat" with the rim cut off, and by actual measurement then and there, was twenty inches in circumference and nine inches high. I tried to span it about with my two hands, but these could by no means accomplish the job. It is called a "pokal," which corresponds, I suppose, with the beaker or tankard of our tongue, and they tell me that the style is of great antiquity, but is now only found in very "swell" and old-fashioned restaurants. It is certainly a goblet worthy of Gaius himself, and its appearance when filled would strike terror to the souls of a whole State temperance society. This queer-looking glass contained about a quart and a half of a tawny chrome-colored beverage, which was surmounted by a good inch of solid looking white foam, so dense that I at first took it for yeast, and had some trouble in getting my mouth and nose through it to make the desired junction between the former organ and the liquor below. I found its strength very light, its flavor slightly acid or sourish, its general style that of diluted hard cider which had suddenly become effervescent. After serving me the gorgeous waitress laid aside her knitting and, going to a fine, full-toned piano in another of the deep recesses, played away at a succession of melodies in a style worthy of a concert room. All the old fogies around listened in grave approval, but never intermitted smoking or drinking, or vouchsafed her a single rap of applause.—*Dresden Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

A Wonderful Agricultural Feat.

A wonderful feat was performed the other day by Mr. Charlwood, a farmer of Padworth, who made a wager that he would, without assistance, put up on carts the product of twenty acres of wheat, and send it to be stacked, the time specified being as long as he could as he could at night. Beginning his task at 3:45 in the morning, Mr. Charlwood completed it by 9:20 at night, and thus won his wager. It is computed that during the time this vigorous farmer was at work he did not carry a less quantity of wheat than 200 sacks and 55 or 60 tons of straw—calculated to be equal to what would be considered a fair amount of work for three days for an ordinary agricultural laborer.

There can be no doubt that the feat performed by Mr. Charlwood was an extraordinary one, and entitles him to great credit for his energy and perseverance. But the British agricultural laborer can, when put on his mettle, get through an immense amount of work in an incredibly short time. A notable instance of this was afforded in the year 1765 by William Stanton, a day laborer to Mr. Dodfield, of Brecked, near Tewkesbury, of whom it is recorded that "he thrashed upwards of sixty bushels of pulse between six in the morning and six in the evening of the same day, besides taking it down from the mow himself, and after it was threshed helping to winnow it. All this was done and the pulse put in bags before 8 o'clock the same night."

These facts in the harvest field and barn do not attract so much attention as the attempts to swim across the channel, now so fashionable at this season of the year, but they are quite as worthy of record.—*Full Mail Gazette.*

The Standard of Beauty.

As to the female waist, although corsets, steel busks, and other contrivances of torture and deformity were in use among the Greek women, the sculptors took care never to model a form which had suffered them. It was reserved to anatomy, in a later age, to show that the female trunk contains more, and more complicated, organs than the male, and that only by the nicest packing and adjustment can these many parts of the vital machinery work without friction, even in the larger cavity which was designed for them. But the artists believed that nature could not blunder. And to them the slight waist and narrowed hips, which a finical taste produced and admired, seemed not less profane than hideous. Nor was a too slender throat considered a beauty. The head was set firmly on a firm, columnar neck, rising from sufficient shoulders, that the breathing might be deep and free. If the sculptors carved large waists because these, being true to the facts of nature, were therefore beautiful to all thoughtful eyes, they carved large feet for a kindred reason. The column of the body can not be easily supported on an insufficient base. It is a fact that all women with disproportionately small

Naaman was a mighty man of valor, but he was a leper. The five cities of the plain were fruitful, but the men of Sodom were awful sinners. I called, but you answered not, etc. When the candidate came down from the pulpit and entered the vestry, the trustee politely remarked: "Sir, you gave us a most ingenious discourse, and we are much obliged to you; but we don't think you are the preacher for us."

—J. M. Patterson, who has six acres of prune orchard near San Jose, California, has had this season 80 tons of fruit, or 20,000 pounds to the acre.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Sponge Cake.—5 eggs beat together half an hour, 1 cup of sugar, 1 1/2 cups of flour, 1 teaspoonful lemon. Cook briskly.

Snow-flakes.—1 quart of milk, 5 eggs a cup butter, 3 pints flour, salt; beat a good deal—the longer the better; bake in earthen cups in a hot oven.

Rice Pudding.—3 pints of rich milk, 1 teaspoonful of rice, 1/2 teaspoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt, nutmeg. Bake 3 hours, stirring often. It should be soft and creamy when done, and is very nice cold for supper.

Fritters.—6 eggs, 1 quart sweet milk, 3 teaspoonfuls, baking-powder, salt, flour enough to make a batter; beat the eggs separately, sift the baking-powder into the flour, add the whites last, fry in hot lard.

Spiced Peas.—To every 10 pounds of good-flavored peas take five pounds of white sugar, 1 quart of strong cider vinegar, 1 ounce of stick cinnamon and one ounce of whole allspice. Boil the sugar and vinegar, skim thoroughly; add the spices and the peas, letting the latter boil slowly until tender. If the skins are tough, they should be removed.

Chocolate Kisses.—3 heaping table-spoonfuls of grated chocolate, 1 pound of granulated sugar, the whites of 4 eggs; beat the eggs to a froth, not too stiff; add the sugar and chocolate, and stir well together; flavor with 30 drops of vanilla; drop on buttered paper with a teaspoon; bake in moderate oven for 10 minutes.

Potato Salad.—Cut 8 or 10 good-sized cold boiled potatoes in very thin slices, chop half a small onion and a good-sized apple very fine, pick the leaves from a large handful of green parsley, rinse and chop them. Spread a layer of the potato in a chopping-tray, sprinkle liberally with salt, then half the parsley, apple and onion, then the rest of the potato, apple and onion. Pour over the whole a cup of the best sweet oil or melted butter, and two-thirds of a cup of vinegar. Mix the whole carefully so as not to break the potatoes; put in a deep dish and garnish with parsley. Suitable for lunch or tea.

Onion Pickles.—Ingredients for pickling onions: To each quart of vinegar, 2 teaspoonfuls of whole black pepper and the same of allspice. Mode: Gather the onions when quite dry and ripe, and with the fingers take off the thin outside skin. With a silver knife (steel discolors them) remove one more skin, when the onions will look clear. Have ready some very dry bottles with wide mouths, or glass jars, and as fast as they are peeled put them in. Pour over cold vinegar to cover them, with pepper and allspice in the above proportions. Tie down with bladders, and in a fortnight they will be ready for use. This is a most simple recipe and very delicious, the onions being very nice and crisp. If kept longer than six or eight months, pickled onions are liable to become soft.

Death from Joy.

Probably no city in the country possesses so large a proportion of Spiritualists as does the little town of San Bernardino, in Southern California. All the "isms" have their devotees there, and frequently members of a family are arrayed in bitter dispute one against another, as in the family of a Mr. Sawyer. The subject of Spiritualism has long marred their domestic happiness, the mother and two sons being firm advocates of the "spook doctrine," while the more practical father as determinedly resisted its teachings. So it was not strange that when Prof. Baldwin, the exposé of the humbuggery of Spiritualism, was announced to appear in the *Bernardino* last Friday evening that the members of the Sawyer family determined to be present. Mr. Sawyer sat quietly during the first part of Baldwin's exposures, but gradually, as the Professor unraveled the devious methods of the foremost Spiritualist mediums of the day, with his eyes fixed upon the stage, with an unnatural intensity, he began laughing with ill-repressed joy, which afterward became so free and loud as to cause universal remark among his friends. One man said: "Well, that tickles old Sawyer." Sawyer turned to his eldest son and exclaimed: "John, you and your mother will have to come over to my way of thinking. Is not it all plain? Did I not tell you it was all fraud, and could be exposed if one but knew how to catch the medium?" John replied that he and mother would have to surrender their belief in spirits. This conversion of the members of his own family filled the old man with unutterable joy, and his joyful agitation was more apparent than before. As the Katie King apparition stepped forward from the cabinet, Sawyer's excitement culminated, and, springing from his chair, literally crying from joy, wringing his hands, utterly overcome, started down the aisle toward the door, which he reached, and fell apparently dead. Doctors immediately took him in charge, and after laboring with him for a half hour pronounced the man beyond all human aid. It seems that heart disease is hereditary in the Sawyer family, and, superinduced by great mental excitement, this caused his death.—*Stockton (Cal.) Herald.*

An Old Bombshell Explodes in a Kitchen.

On Wednesday morning a bombshell, which had been picked up on one of the battlefields of the late war as a relic, found its way into the cooking range at 4 South Broadway, the residence of Capt. Alex. Jones, and exploded, doing considerable mischief, but injuring no one. The shell was thought to be empty, and had laid in the cellar for seven years. A servant, without knowing it, picked up the missile with a bucket of coal. The coal at the shell were emptied into the range, and the servant left the room to attend to other household duties. The shell exploded with a loud report, nearly demolishing the range, tore through the ceiling, and caused other damage.

—*Baltimore Sun.*

—J. M. Patterson, who has six acres of prune orchard near San Jose, California, has had this season 80 tons of fruit, or 20,000 pounds to the acre.

A Baby Traded for Rum.

A sad story of the terrible influence of the liquor traffic comes to us from Fairview, in this State. Some three or four years ago a promising young man of that place married the lovely and accomplished daughter of a minister of the gospel. The youthful couple were highly esteemed, and for awhile their wedded lives ran smoothly and happily, and they were all in all to each other. But the tempter came—not to the wife, but to the husband. He fell—not at once to the lowest depths, but slowly and surely he went down the grade that leads from moderate drinking to confirmed drunkenness, until he spent every thing he had for whisky, even selling the family Bible to procure money with which to gratify his cravings for drink. A few months ago a baby was born to him—a sweet little innocent that laughed and cooed unconsciously of the degradation of its father. It would have been a "well-spring of pleasure" in the home of sobriety and virtue, but here its innocence and helplessness touched no tender chord in the paternal heart. The love it should have aroused was dead, and in its place was an all-absorbing thirst for intoxicating liquor. The poor mother alone found some consolation in its presence for the grief caused by her husband's fall. But it was to be the means of adding a sharper pang to her despair.

The drunken father, unable to bear the torture of his raging thirst, was at his wit's end for means to secure its gratification. He had nothing left which he could sell, and the barkeeper refused to trust him for another drink. His mad craving for stimulants was driving him frantic, and he was ready for almost any desperate deed. At this juncture he bethought him of his baby, and, horrible to relate, the unnatural father took the little innocent from the house, carried it two miles to a low dogger, and there actually traded it to the barkeeper for a drink of whisky! Is there a deeper depth of shame than this? If there is, nobody but the rum-seller can show the way to it. The distress of the unhappy mother can better be imagined than described. She recovered her child on paying for the whisky, but her blighted hopes, her bleeding heart, her wrecked life still remained to bear damning testimony against the infernal traffic through which such ruin and infamy were wrought.—*Muscatine (Iowa) Tribune.*

A Bird-Charming Lady.

A few months since a handsome mocking-bird flew into the residence of a lady in this city and alighted at her feet, exhibiting little or no fear or suspicion of her, and permitting her to catch it in her hand. She placed it in a cage, and it seemed happy and contented, and proved to be one of the finest singers of its species, filling the house with its varied and melodious strains, until after some four months of captivity it was taken sick and died, much to the sorrow and regret of its mistress. A short time after the decease the same lady was sitting in her room when another beautiful bird of the same family came in and took its position near her, apparently inviting her to capture it, which she did without difficulty. She placed it in the same cage, and it seemed as contented as the other had done, as if it knew and coveted a life with so gentle a mistress.—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Union.*

To Subscribers to the N. Y. Tribune for the Campaign.

Subscriptions to the WEEKLY or SEMI-WEEKLY NEW YORK TRIBUNE which were made for the current political campaign, may be continued until Dec. 31, 1877, or nearly fourteen months, at the regular yearly rates. If renewed before expiration, this offer applies to clubs as well as to single subscriptions. The rates for THE TRIBUNE under this arrangement (postage free to the subscribers) are as follows:

Daily (by mail) one year.....\$10 00
Semi-weekly, until Dec. 31, 1877.....3 00
Five copies, until Dec. 31, 1877.....12 00
Ten copies (one extra).....25 00
Twenty copies, until Dec. 31, 1877.....50 00
Five copies, until Dec. 31, 1877.....7 50
Ten copies.....15 00
Twenty copies.....30 00
Thirty copies.....45 00

Each person furnishing a club of ten or more subscribers is entitled to one extra Weekly, and of fifty or more to a Semi-Weekly. Liberal inducements offered to those raising clubs. For Posters, Specimen Copies, and further particulars, address THE TRIBUNE, New York.

BURNETT'S COCAINE is the best and cheapest hair-dressing in the world.

CHRONIC CONSTIPATION is not cured by simply unloading the bowels. The medicine must possess tonic, alterative and corrective properties. These qualities are combined in Dr. TOWN'S PILLS, and they will permanently cure this serious disease. 18 Murray Street, N. Y.

"Say, my friend, that little house and lot you see yonder is all mine, and paid for too. I made it all in less than 8 months, canvassing for *The Illustrated Family Paper*. Can you do well?—Certainly you can. Write today for circulars and terms to CHAS. CLUCAS & CO., Chicago.

\$15 for \$5 Agents. Mammoth Catalogue free. F. E. HARRIS & CO., 111 Nassau St., N. Y.

\$90 a month and traveling expenses to SALESMEN. Address GEMMAN & CO., St. Louis.

20 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.

25 a day to Agents. Sample free. 50-page catalogue. L. FLETCHER, 11 Day-st., N. Y.